

WAR FRONT FURY BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURE

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CAD
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G.I. COMBAT

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TRAPPED
BEHIND
COMMIE
LINES

Zero Hour
on Attu Island

LAST
STAND
IN INDO-CHINA

Red Helicopter Raid





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G.I. COMBAT

LAST STAND in INDOCHINA

AN UNTOLD SAGA OF RED TREACHERY IN THE FAR EAST!



THE COMMUNIST HORDES SWEEPED DOWN INTO THE TRUCE ZONE TO SPRING A SNEAK TRAP ON A SMALL AMERICAN FORCE! BUT THE SURPRISED GI'S WERE A STUBBORN LOT... THEY WOULD GIVE NO QUARTER! AND THOUGH OUTNUMBERED FIFTY TO ONE THEY LASHED OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN TO TURN BACK THE RED TIDE! HOWEVER, TIME WAS TAKING ITS TOLL OF AMMUNITION AND THE VALIANT AMERICANS SEEMED DESTINED FOR DEFEAT!

WEST OF HAIPHONG, INDOCHINA, A U.S. TRUCK CONVOY SNAKES ITS WAY INTO THE INTERIOR, SUDDENLY...

WHA... LIVE STUFF!
SOMEBODY'S
AMBUSHIN' US!

YEAH... BUT WHO AND WHY?
WE'RE SNAKIN' IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE TRUCE ZONE!



CONVOY COMMANDER COLONEL BART MARSTON BARKS OUT BATTLEWISE ORDERS!

WE'RE BEING SHELLED BY ENEMY
ARTILLERY HIDDEN BEHIND THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE! MAKE
FOR THE SLOPE AND HUG IT... IT'LL SCREEN OUR TRUCKS!



THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA, COLONEL!
THE TRAJECTORY OF THEIR SHELLS
WOULDN'T PERMIT THEM TO ZERO US
IN HERE! WONDER WHO'S DOIN'
THE DIRTY WORK?

THE COMMAES, OF COURSE!
THEY'VE JUMPED THE
OCCUPATION DEADLINE
FOR THIS AREA TO SABO-
TAGE OUR MISSION!



AND IF THEY'VE DONE THAT FAR WE'RE BOUND TO SEE
MORE OF THEM! PASS THE WORD... I WANT EVERY MAN
WITH A FULL CLIP OF AMMO IN HIS PIECE AND READY
FOR ACTION!



WHAT CAN THIS MEAN... AMERICANS UNDER FIRE BY COMMUNIST FORCES IN INDOCHINA? IT ALL BEGAN WHEN THE BACK OF THE FRENCH ARMY WAS BROKEN BY THE REDS!

THE FRENCH FORTRESS
AND SUPPLY DEPOT OF
KAPHU IS LOCATED
HERE... IN THE AREA
THAT IS TO BE
EVACUATED BY THE
27th OF THIS MONTH!
THAT'S 48 HOURS
FROM NOW!

SIR... ISN'T
THAT WHERE
THE FRENCH
POOLED ALL OF
OUR LEND
LEASE WAR
MATERIALS FOR A MAJOR
OFFENSIVE
BEFORE THE TRUCE?



EXACTLY! BUT MOST OF
THOSE MATERIALS WERE
SHIPPED FOR THE FINAL
STAND AT DIENBIENPHU
BEFORE IT FELL! HOWEVER,
WE HAVE U.S. HEAVY
TANKS ASSEMBLED
THERE...



...AND VALUABLE AMMUNITION!
THE FRENCH ARE SHORT HANDED
AND HAVE ASKED US TO SEND TANK-
MEN TO KAPHU TO EVACUATE THOSE
WEAPONS BEFORE
THE DEADLINE!
THAT WILL BE
YOUR MISSION,
COLONEL
MARSTON!

I'LL
ORGANIZE A
TANK TEAM AND
LEAVE FOR
INDOCHINA AT
ONCE, SIR!



THAT WAS TWO WEEKS AGO! AND NOW AS COLONEL MARSTON AND HIS TANKMEN TRAVEL TOWARD KAPHU...

OH, OH... LOOK AHEAD! YOU WERE SURE RIGHT ABOUT THOSE COMMIES DOGGIN' US ALL THE WAY, COLONEL!

YES... IF THEY CAN CUT US OFF... ANNIHILATE US... THEN ALL THOSE TANKS AND AMMO WILL FALL INTO THEIR HANDS WHEN THEY OCCUPY THE AREA IN JUST TWELVE HOURS!



BUT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT TO KAPHU IF WE HAVE TO CRAWL THERE! OPEN FIRE!

YAHOO! IT'S OPEN SEASON ON COMMIES, GANG!



HEY, JOEY... WHAT'S THE LIMIT?

YOU CAN BAG ALL THE REDS YOU WANT, GARRITY! THEY'RE AN INTERNATIONAL MENACE!



SLASHING ITS WAY THROUGH THE COMMUNIST ROAD-BLOCK THE CONVOY SPEEDS ACROSS THE PLAINS!

HA, HA... WE SURE SHOWED 'EM, COLONEL! I GUESS THE REDS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE SPRINGING ANOTHER AMBUSH LIKE THAT AGAIN!

DON'T COUNT ON IT, SOLDIER! THIS WAS NO SMALL FORCE THAT HIT US... BUT A WELL ORGANIZED UNIT! I'M AFRAID THERE MAY BE TROUBLE UP AHEAD... AT KAPHU!



AND TROUBLE THERE IS! FOR THE AMERICANS FIND THE VALENT LITTLE FRENCH FORTRESS UNDER A DEVASTATING BOMB-BARRAGE!

CAPTAIN! WHAT'S THE SITUATION? HOW LONG CAN YOU HOLD OUT AGAINST THE COMMIES?

AN HOUR AT ZEE MOST, COLONEL! I EXPECT ONE OF ZEE FANATICAL SUICIDE ATTACKS AT ANY MOMENT... AND WE ARE AT A LOSS TO STOP THEM WITH THIS SMALL FORCE!



BUT THE TANKS... WHY AREN'T THEY MANNED? YOU COULD REPEL AN INFANTRY ATTACK WITH THAT ARMOR!

AH, NON AML... ZEE TAKES A MAN WITH TRAINING TO FIRE ZEE TURRET CANNON AND MANUEVER ZEE IRON MONSTERS! MY MEN HERE ARE INFANTRY!



WELL, I'VE GOT A GANG OF SPECIALISTS WITH ME... ALL TANKERS! MEN... CLIMB ABOARD THOSE IRON BABIES AND ON THE DOUBLE! THE REDS FIGURE TO HIT US ANY SECOND WITH AN INFANTRY WAVE!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, COLONEL!

I'M BACK IN THE TURRET AGAIN...



JUST THEN THE OMNINOUS SOUND OF A BUGLE FILLS THE AIR!

L-LOOK! HERE ZEE COMMUNISTS COME— A HUMAN SEA!

YES... THEY DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS THEM TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS ARMOR OF OURS! LIFE IS CHEAP... TO A RED!



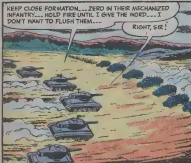
THE FIGHTING COLONEL SNAPS INTO ACTION...

THIS WILL BE THE LEAD TANK... I'LL TAKE OVER TURRET COMMAND! I WANT TO HIT THAT COMMIE LINE DEAD CENTER... WHERE THE POWER IS!



KEEP CLOSE FORMATION... ZERO IN THEIR MECHANIZED INFANTRY... HOLD FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD... I DON'T WANT TO FLUSH THEM...

RIGHT, SIR!



CLOSER... CLOSER SPEED THE TWO FORCES! THEN...

FIRE!



THE RESULT OF THE MURDEROUS VOLLEY IS DEVASTATING...

YIIIIII!



WOWIE! THAT SURE TOOK THE STING OUT OF THEIR PUNCH!

KEEP 'EM ON THE RUN, MEN! I'M GOING BACK TO THE PORT AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO PULL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE REDS CAN REGROUP!



AS COLONEL MARSTON CONFERS WITH THE FRENCH CO. AT THE FORTRESS...

THERE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH GASOLINE TO MAKE YOUR TANK TRIP BACK TO HAIFONG, COLONEL... AND A DEPOT FULL OF AMMUNITION!

THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR! WE'VE ONLY GOT SIX MORE HOURS BEFORE THE OCCUPATION DEADLINE IS UP! W-HA... AN ENEMY SOLDIER...





UNDER MINIMUM SPEED THE U.S. TANKS CRAWL THROUGH THE VALLEY! THEIR DISTANT RUMBLE IS OVERHEARD BY ENEMY EARS!



THE COMRADES PLUGGED UP OUR ESCAPE ROUTE WITH A MOUNTAIN OF ROCK! TANKER TEN... FALL BACK AND BRING UP THE REAR! OUR AMMO TRUCKS WILL BE EXPOSED IN THE RETREAT!

RIGHT, SKIPPER!



IN THE RETREAT UP THE VALLEY THE U.S. ARMOR IS EXPOSED TO MURDEROUS FIRE, THEN...

COLONEL... OUR AMMO TRUCKS... THE COMRADES JUST DROPPED 'EM IN!

WHAT MORE CAN HAPPEN? PICK UP THE TRUCK CREWS, TANKER TEN! WE'LL COVER YOU!



UNDER FULL SPEED THE AMERICAN TANKS FINALLY MANAGE TO OUTDISTANCE THE ENEMY GUNS!

WHATA WE DO NOW, COLONEL? THE COMRADES WILL BE RIGHT ON OUR HEELS!

CHANCE, MEN... WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE REINFORCEMENT FROM HAIPONG! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH FUEL NOW TO PUSH THIS ARMORED UNIT ANOTHER THREE MILES! BUT IF WE POOL THE GAS... ONE TANK COULD MAKE IT!



H-HUH? BUT, SIR, IF WE ALL COULDN'T BREAK THROUGH THE COMRADE LINES HOW DO YOU FIGURE ONE TANK CAN DO IT?

THE REDS HAVE CUT EVERY ROAD TO HAIPONG... BUT ONE! THE YING DO RIVER! BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A FLOATING BATTLEWAGON OUT OF ONE OF OUR IRON CANS AND FLOAT THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES!



IT'S ABOUT TWENTY THREE MILES TO HAIPONG! WITH LUCK A RELIEF FORCE COULD REACH US IN TIME TO GET THESE TANKS TO SAFETY BEFORE THE OCCUPATION DEADLINE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK... FAST!



ON THE BANK OF THE YING DO RIVER THE G.I. TANKERS BEGIN THE FANTASTIC RACE AGAINST TIME!

DUMP ALL EXCESS EQUIPMENT FROM THAT TANK... IT'LL BE TOUGH ENOUGH FLOATING HER ARMOR! YOU MEN BUILDING THE RAFT... MAKE SURE THOSE LOGS ARE SECURE! IT MAY MEAN OUR LIVES!



A SIMONS VOLLEY OF BULLETS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTS THE G.I.'S...

Y-YIPES! WE GOT COMPANY... TRIGGER HAPPY REDS!



G.I. COMBAT

GET TO YOUR TANKS, BOYS.... AND FORM AN INDIAN CIRCLE FOR DEFENSE! ALL RIGHT, HARRISON! DRIVE THAT IRON BABY ON TO THE RAFT AND LET'S HOPE SHE FLOATS!

SHE'S GOTTA FLOAT.... SHE'S GOTTA! WE'RE LICKED IF THAT TANK DOESN'T MAKE HAPONG IN TIME TO SEND OUT A RELIEF COLUMN!



WHOO! WE GOT US A FLOATIN' BATTLEWAGON!

IT'S UP TO THEM NOW! WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON HERE BY OUR TEETH UNTIL HELP ARRIVES! FORM A TIGHT CIRCLE.... AND KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



WOWIE! THEY'RE SURE TRYIN' HARD TO SINK OUR WATER WAGON!

YEAH.... AND IF THEY DO WE'VE HAD IT!



GOING....

GOING....



...GONE! GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

OH, OH.... THESE COMMIE CHARACTERS AREN'T GOING TO GIVE US A BREAKER! HERE THEY COME.... ZERO 'EM IN, BOYS, AND MAKE EVERY ROUND COUNT!

TATA-TATA-TATA

THE FIRST WAVE IS DRIVEN BACK BY A MURDEROUS VOLLEY OF 50 MM SHELLS!

HA, HA... THAT'S PUNCHIN' HOLES IN THEIR RANKS!

YEAH... BUT IT'S COSTIN' US PLENTY OF AMMO TO DO IT!



THE SECOND ENEMY WAVE ENCOUNTERS LESS FIRE... BUT IS STOPPED!

H-HEY... WE'RE OUTA AMMO!

ONCE I GET OFF THIS ROUND YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY... THIS BABY'S OUR LAST!



AN OMINOUS SILENCE DESCENDS OVER THE AREA AS THE AMERICANS AWAIT ANOTHER ASSAULT!

SEVEN CANNON ROUNDS... THIRTY FIVE RIFLE... NO GRENADES OR AUTOMATIC AMMO! I'M AFRAID... THAT'S IT, COLONEL... DO YOU THINK OUR FLOATIN' TANK GOT THROUGH?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE NOW! THIS NEXT SUICIDE ATTACK IS A CHINCH TO FINISH US! THEY OUTNUMBER US FIFTY TO ONE!

YUUH! YUUH!



WITH NERVES OF STEEL AND COURAGEOUS HEARTS THE BRAVE AMERICANS CLASH WITH THE RED ENEMY IN A LAST STAND!

GOSH... NOW I KNOW HOW CUSTER AND HIS MEN MUSTA FELT AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN!

THEY MAY TAKE US... BUT THEY'LL BE PLENTY OF COMRADES WALKIN' AROUND WITH SORE KISSERS TOMORROW!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MEN! AT LEAST WE'RE GOING DOWN SWINGIN'!



WELL, WE DID IT... WE BEAT 'EM OFF!

H-HERE COMES ANOTHER WAVE! WHERE DO ALL THE COMRADES COME FROM!

I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'M TOO POOPED TO BEAT THEM OFF AGAIN!



THE G.I.'S SEEMED DOOMED TO ANNIHILATION... BUT THEN...

THEY'RE GOIN' BACK... BUT WHY?

LOOK UP THERE! THE SKY'S FULL OF OUR PARA-TROOPERS!

OUR FLOATIN' TANK... IT MADE 'EM POND!



AND WHEN THE BRAVE LITTLE FORCE HAS BEEN RELIEVED...

WE'VE BROUGHT GAS ALONG FOR YOUR TANKS! LET'S GET OUT OF THE TRUCE ZONE FAST! IN TWO HOURS THE COMRADES CAN CONFISCATE THAT ARMOR WHEN THEY TAKE OVER THE AREA!

YES... THEY'RE A CLINGING BUNCH OF KATS! THEY HAD THE ATTACK TANK SO THAT IF THEY FAILED THEY'D BE IN POSSESSION OF THE ZONE BEFORE U.N. INVESTIGATING TEAMS COULD CHECK OUR STORY!



G.I. COMBAT

RED HELICOPTER RAID

S-SIR, THAT'S THE
LAST AMMO BELT!
WE'RE OUT OF
GRENADES AND
BULLETS!

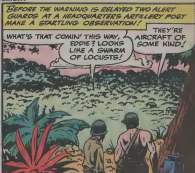
DYNAMITE! GET
DYNAMITE FROM
THE MAINTENANCE
SHED AND BLOW
THESE CHARACTERS
OUT OF THE SKY!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP
THEM AT ALL
COSTS!

THE WINGED INVADERS STRUCK OUT OF THE SKY WITH
SUDDEN DEVIATION! CLEVERLY THE FLYING RED HORDE HAD
SLIPPED PAST THE RADAR SCREEN GUARDING THE U.S.
BASE! AND NOW DESPERATE G.I.'S FIRED THEIR LAST
ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION AGAINST THE FEROCIOUS ASSAULT!

COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS CRAWL OMINOUSLY UP
TO A U.S. RADAR STATION LOCATED ON THE
ISLAND OF GUAM IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

Then...
KA-BOOM!
HIT IT!
LIVE
STUFF!

SOMEBODY'S
ZEREOED IN OUR
RADAR STATION!



WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ENEMY COPTERS SWIRL OVER THE SURPRISED ARTILLERY BATTERIES! THE VALIANT G.I.'S RESIST STUBBORNLY... BUT HOPELESSLY!

ENEMY COPTERS... A SWARM OF 'EM... SINGOOPING OVER THE NORTH LIP OF THE VALLEY!

THE COMMIES ARE A BUNCH OF CLEVER RATS... THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY THEY COULD INVADE OUR HEADQUARTERS IN THE VALLEY IS BY COPTER! SWING THOSE GUNS AROUND!



S-SIR... WE GOT THOSE COPTERS IN OUR SIGHT BUT WE CAN'T OPEN UP ON 'EM! IF WE MISS OUR SHELLS WILL LAND SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF HQ!

CEASE FIRE! WE CAN'T RISK HITTING OUR OWN MEN! I'M AFRAID THE BOYS DOWN THERE ARE IN FOR IT! THEY HAVEN'T THE WEAPONS TO TURN BACK THAT ENEMY HORDE!



THE STARTLING REPORT IS FLASHED TO HEADQUARTERS CP... WHERE INSTANT ACTION IS TAKEN!

THE COMMIES MUST HAVE BLASTED OUR SACRED RADAR STATION PREPARATORY TO THE ATTACK... THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T RECEIVE ANY ADVANCE WARNING!

BUT, GENERAL... WHAT ARE THE REDS AFTER? WHY WOULD THEY POSSIBLY ATTACK THIS HEADQUARTERS?



PROBABLY TO ANNIHILATE OUR HIGH COMMAND! THEIR SPIES MUST HAVE LEARNED OF THE GENERAL STAFF MEETING THAT WAS SCHEDULED HERE BUT LATER TRANSFERRED TO WAKE ISLAND!

SO THAT'S IT... THE COMMIES THOUGHT THEY'D BAG OUR HIGH COMMAND IN THIS SNEAK ATTACK! THEY MISSED THE BOAT THERE... BUT I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN BAD SHAPE DEFENSIVELY, SIR!



NO ARMORED UNITS IN THE AREA... OUR JETS AT THE NEARBY AIRBASE ARE TOO FAST TO FLY INTO THE VALLEY... AND WE ONLY HAVE SMALL ARMS AVAILABLE!

THAT'S BAD... BUT NOT HOPELESS! ARM EVERY MAN TO THE TEETH... TELL THEM TO FIGHT LIKE BLAZES!

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE TOUGHEST JOB OF THEIR LIVES!



THE AREA BECOMES AN INFERNO OF EXCITEMENT AS THE SMALL AMERICAN FORCE PREPARES FOR BATTLE!

SNAP IT UP! TAKE ALL THE AMMO YOU CAN CARRY... AND THEN SOME! WHEN THOSE COPTERS BEAR DOWN ON US THROW EVERYTHING YOU CAN AT 'EM!

THAT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SARGE! WHERE IS THIS AIRBORNE ARMY, ANYWAY?



RIGHT IN THE FRONT YARD, BUSTER! LISTEN...



THE
WINGED
RED
HORNE
STRIKES!
THROUGH
A BLAZE
OF GUN-
FIRE
G.I.S
TAKE
DESPERATE
DEFENSE
MEASURES!

SET UP A DEFENSE
LINE IN THE STREET...
MACHINE GUNS...
GRENADES!

WOW! LIKE A NEST OF
HORNETS WITH HOT
LEAD FOR
STINGERS!



YIP! THOSE CLOWNS ARE
SHOOTING DOWN AT US LIKE
WE WERE FISH IN A
BARREL!

GOTTA BAG ME A
COMMIE BUZZARD...

GOT ME A
HIT!



BUT ELSEWHERE THE RED AIR ONSLAUGHT IS GAINING
GROUND!

MOP UP THAT BUNCH!
DON'T LET THEM INFILTRATE INTO
THE BACK! THEY'LL BE STABBING US
IN THE BACK WHILE WE'RE SEARCHING
THE SKIES!

RIGHT,
SIR!



MORE AMMO AND
GRENADES, SOLDIER!
ON THE DOUBLE! THE
MEN ARE RUNNING
OUT!

W-WE'RE BONE
DRY OF AMMO,
GENERAL!
THERE ISN'T ANY
MORE! THE GUYS
HAVE BEEN
THROWING IT
AROUND LIKE
CONFETTI!



GREAT CAESAR! OUT OF AMMO!
AND THOSE MONKEYS WILL BE
SENDING ANOTHER ATTACK
FLIGHT IN ANY MINUTE! WE'VE
GOT TO RETREAT... I CAN'T
LET MY MEN WAIT HERE TO
BE SLAUGHTERED! JOHNSON!
PETERS!



GUMMON THE MEN TO
RETREAT! THE NEXT
WAVE OF COPTERS
WILL WIPE US OUT...
WE'VE NOTHING TO
FIGHT BACK WITH!



Y-YES,
SIR!

WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE WE
DO HAVE SOMETHING TO
FIGHT THEM WITH! MEN, HOLD
UP!



WE HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND
OF BEATING THE NEXT WAVE OF
COPTERS... BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE
IT! THERE'S A TON OF BLASTING
DYNAMITE INSIDE THAT SHED... THIS IS
WHAT WE'VE GOT
TO DO, MEN!



MINUTE AFTER DESPERATE MINUTE THE G.I.S BUSY THEM-
SELVES ON THE OUTFIRTS 'OF THE BASE!



THEY APPROACHED FROM THE
NORTH... OVER THOSE TREES! IT
MIGHT WORK... IT'S GOT
TO WORK!

SOON AN OMINOUS ROAR FILLS THE AIR!

HERE COME
THE COPTERS!
READY FOR ACTION...
ON THE DOUBLE!

YEOW!
OPERATION
SHOWDOWN!
KEEP YOUR
FINGERS
CROSSED!



BLAST
AWAY!



SUDDENLY THE TREES ERUPT WITH DYNAMITE CHARGES! THE THUNDEROUS BLASTS ROCK THE BASE!

G-GALLOPING GOPHERS!
T-THERE MUST BE A
HUNDRED OF 'EM!

W-WE GOT MOST OF 'EM...
BUT A GANG WILL GET
THROUGH! THE DYNAMITE
GRENADES! GRAB 'EM!



SPURRED ON BY DESPERATION
THE VALIANT G.I.S LET GO
WITH THEIR SECOND ACE IN
THE HOLE!

BACK TO THE
IRON CURTAIN,
YOU BUMB!

BLAST THEM
OUTA THE
SKY!



BUT AT NEARLY GROUND LEVEL
THE IMPACT OF THE CRASHED
MACHINES IS NOT GREAT! THE
ENEMY POUR OUT TO DO
BATTLE...



...AND THE G.I.S ARE READY!

ONE SNEAK ATTACK...
FIZZLED OUT!



AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE LAST OF THE INVADERS
HAVE BEEN SMASHED DOWN!

A CRACK UP JOB, MEN! THAT
DYNAMITE SURE SAVED THE
DAY! AFTER WE USED UP OUR
AMMO WE WERE DONE FOR...
UNTIL OLD TNT TURNED THE
TRICK FOR US!

SIR, THE RESERVES
ARE HERE!



WHEW, SIR!
LOOKS LIKE
YOU DID ALL
RIGHT WITHOUT
US, SIR! WHAT
WAS THIS RAID
ALL ABOUT?
WHO WERE
THEY, SIR?

THEY WERE REDS ALL
RIGHT, BUT WE CAN'T PIN
THIS ON MOSCOW OR
PEIPING... THEY HAD NO
MARKINGS! THEIR
DESPERATE RAID HAD
NO CHANCE TO
SUCCEED! THEY PLANNED
TO KNOCK OUT THE GENERAL
STAFF BUT THEY DIDN'T
KNOW THAT THEIR TARGET
NEVER ARRIVED HERE!



TRAPPED BEHIND COMMIE LINES

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, CAPTAIN... I'VE GOTTA TRY AND GET THAT TANK BEFORE IT GETS US!

IT WAS A SOLDIER'S NIGHTMARE COME TRUE... A GROUP OF GI'S WITHOUT WARNING SUDDENLY PLUMMETED OUT OF THE SKY INTO AN ARMED COMMIE CAMP! AND NOW THE ONLY PATH FOR ESCAPE WAS HEAD-ON THROUGH THE SUPERIOR MIGHT OF RED AMMO AND ARMOR!

WE GOT US TWO PRISONERS!

GOOD LUCK... SERGEANT!



DARN... A U.S. FLYING BOX CAR THUNDERS INTO BAD WEATHER OVER WESTERN GERMANY!



AND INSIDE...

ARE WE GOING TO MAKE IT INTO GRAZ WITH THESE DEFENSE ARMS, CAPTAIN?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, SERGEANT! THE PILOT TELLS ME THIS IS THE WORST STORM HE'S EVER FLOWN THROUGH!



G.I. COMBAT

HOUR AFTER HOUR THE PLANE BUCKS THE ELEMENTS...UNTIL FINALLY!

HANG ON! HANG ON! WE MADE IT, MEN!



W-WHEW! ARE WE LUCKY THESE LITTLE BABIES DIDN'T GO OFF! I OUGHTA KEEP 'EM THIS FOR A SOUVENIR!

NICE SHOW GETTING US DOWN! SAY, WHERE IN THUNDER ARE WE?

COMPASS AND RADIO ARE SMASHED TO BITS, CAPTAIN... BUT I FIGURE WE'RE THIRTY OR FORTY MILES FROM THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BORDER!



SUDDENLY HOT LEAD ZINGS THROUGH THE AIR!

U-U-LP!

G-GREAT GLORY! COMRADES! DOWN... HIT THE GROUND, MEN!



WE MUST HAVE SURPRISED A COMMIE RAIDING PARTY WHO CROSSED OUR BORDER! SERGEANT... GET THE WEAPONS OUT OF THE BOX CAR! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

R-RIGHT, CAPTAIN!



THROUGH A BARRAGE OF FIRE THE G.I.'S SALVAGE THEIR EQUIPMENT!

HOLY COW! THEY'RE LOBBING MORTAR SHELLS! MUST BE A BIG COMMIE ACTION, CAPTAIN!

YOU AREN'T KIDDING, SERGEANT! CARRY THE EQUIPMENT AROUND THEIR RIGHT FLANK! WE'LL TRY TO COME IN FROM AN ANGLE AND HIT THEM ON THE HILLTOP!



TENSE MINUTES AFTERWARDS...

THERE THEY ARE! ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET SET... LET'S GO IN AND TAKE THOSE TREATY-BREAKING REDS!



YAHOO! BOOT THOSE CHARACTERS BACK OVER THE BORDER FOR KEEPS!



DISARM THEM, MEN! WE WANT AS MANY OF THIS GANG ALIVE AS POSSIBLE TO SHOW AS EVIDENCE OF THIS COMMIE SNEAK RAID!

I HEAR YOU TALKIN', CAPTAIN!



SUFFERING THUNDER! THEY'VE GOT THEMSELVES AN ARTILLERY PIECE! SOLDIER... GRAB SOME GRENADES... FOLLOW ME!

RIGHT, SARGE!



THIS IS CRAZY, SARGE! HOW'D THEY EVER GET SO MUCH BIG ARMS STUFF ACROSS OUR BORDER? IT'S LIKE A FULL SCALE WAR!

YEAH... AN' WE GOTTA WIN IT... THEY'RE READY TO FIRE! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



ZERO IN... READY FOR FIRING...



RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

NICE TOSSEIN', SARGE!



AFTERWARDS AS THE PUZZLED G.I.'S FINISH MOPPING UP THE REMAINING ENEMY!

WELL, CAPTAIN, WHAT DO WE DO NOW... HERD THE LOT OF 'EM TO THE NEAREST GERMAN TOWN AND CALL HQ!

THAT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO, SERGEANT! WONDER WHAT THEY WERE UP TO... SNEAKING IN AN ARSENAL LIKE THIS!



SUDDENLY A LOUD-SPEAKER BOOMS! STUNNED G.I.'S TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND!

AMERICANS! AMERICANS! YOU ARE COMMITTING AN ACT OF AGGRESSION!

W-WHAT IN BLAZES?

A LOUD-SPEAKER COMING FROM OVER THE CREST OF THAT HILL!



WHEN THE MEN RUSH TO THE CREST OF THE HILL THEIR EYES BLINK IN DISBELIEF!

YOUR ACT OF CROSSING THE BORDER TO RAID A COMMUNIST ARMY CAMP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA CAN MEAN WAR! SURRENDER BEFORE FURTHER BLOODSHED!

C-CZECHOSLOVAKIA! WE'RE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA!

IT'S A COMMIE CAMP ALL RIGHT! NO WONDER THEY HAD ALL THAT EQUIPMENT! S-SUFFERING CATS! WE WERE ON THEIR SIDE OF THE BORDER!



THE STORM... IT MUST HAVE BLOWN US THIRTY OR FORTY MILES OFF COURSE! WE CRASHED IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA... OH, MY GOSH...

OH-H! THIS IS GREAT...

WHAT'LL WE DO, CAPTAIN? HOW WE GONNA EXPLAIN TO HEAD-QUARTERS THAT WE ATTACK A COMMIE CAMP...

WE CAN'T! WE'RE IN TROUBLE, MEN... UP TO OUR NECKS IN TROUBLE! SERGEANT, FIND SOMETHING WHITE FOR A SURRENDER FLAG!

S-SURE THING, CAPTAIN!



WHEN THE G.I.'S FACE THE COMMIE CAMP COMMANDER!

SO! YOU WERE BLOWN OFF COURSE BY THE STORM OVER OUR BORDER AND THOUGHT WE WERE AGGRESSORS AGAINST YOU! LIARS! AMERICANS TALK OF PEACE BUT THEIR ACTS ARE THOSE OF WAR!

THAT IS NOT TRUE! WHAT WE SAY IS THE TRUTH... HOWEVER IT MAY SOUND UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



THE CIRCUMSTANCES SHOW ONLY THAT YOU HAVE INVADED OUR COUNTRY AND ARE PRISONERS OF WAR! STACK THEIR WEAPONS IN THE ARMORED CAR FOR SHIPMENT BACK! ARREST THEM!



LATER THE DISCOURAGED MEN HUDDLE IN A RED GUARD-HOUSE!

THEY'RE NAILING TARPAPER OVER THE WINDOWS! GUESS THEY DON'T WANT US TO GET A PEEK AT THEIR SECRETS!

WE CAN ONLY HOPE THIS WON'T START A WAR, MEN!



HOUR AFTER HOUR THE AMERICAN MEN ARE ALONE WITH THEIR MISERY! THEN...

HEAR THE COMBIE PLANES OVERHEAD... WHAT A MESS I'VE GOTTEN YOU INTO, MEN! THE WHOLE WORLD IS PROBABLY SHAKING WITH THE NEWS NOW!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, CAPTAIN!

????

WHIRR-RRR

THAT'S NO RED PLANE! IT'S THE MOTOR SOUND OF A C-82! I'VE PLUMMED A HUNDRED OF THEM... I'D KNOW THEIR MOTORS ANYWHERE!

A C-82! BUT IF IT WAS HUNTING FOR US IT WOULDN'T CROSS INTO COMBIE TERRITORY!

YEAH, CAPTAIN... THEY'D NEVER CROSS THE BORDER!

SOMETHING'S ROTTEN HERE... REAL ROTT'N! I'M GOING TO POKE A HOLE THROUGH THAT TARPAPER OVER THE WINDOW AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

WHEN THE CAPTAIN BREAKS A HOLE IN THE TARPAPER HE STARES IN AMAZEMENT:

O-GREAT GHOSTS! A CAMOUFLAGED NET OVER THIS CAMP! A-AND THAT PLANE IS A C-82! THEY CAMOUFLAGED THIS PLACE SO THAT IT WON'T BE OBSERVED FROM THE AIR!

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN! WE ARE IN WEST GERMANY NOT CZECHOSLOVAKIA... THEY'VE GOT A NET OVER THIS CAMP TO CAMOUFLAGE IT... THAT WAS A C-82 PLANE LOOKING FOR US!

WE'VE GOT TO BUST OUT... FAST!

H-HOLY COW! BUT THE PLACE IS BARRED... WE HAVE NO WEAPONS! HOW CAN WE GET OUT?

MY SOUVENIR HAND SWORD I TOOK FROM THE PLANE FOR LUCK! I HAD IT IN MY HELMET WHEN THEY SEARCHED ME...

SOLDIER... YOU'RE UP FOR A CITATION! LET ME HAVE THAT!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING! THE COMBIE OFFICER HAD OUR WEAPONS STACKED IN THAT ARMORED CAR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BARRACKS! IF WE GET IT, WE'VE GOT BOTH WEAPONS AND TRANSPORTATION OUT OF HERE...

SPLIT SECONDS AFTERWARDS....

LET'S GO, MEN! YAHOOO! YIII?

BOOM!

THROUGH A BLAZE OF RED FIRE THE DESPERATE G.I.'S RACE FOR THE ARMORED CAR THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH TO THEM!

SERGEANT...MAN THE MACHINE GUN FAST! EVERY SECOND COUNTS! SURPRISE IS OUR BEST WEAPON AGAINST THESE ODDS!

GOT IT, CAPTAIN!

UNCRATE THOSE GRENADES! WE'RE GOING TO BLAST THIS COMMIE CAMP INSIDE OUT!

THE FULL WRATH OF THE DECEIVED MEN IS UNLEASHED AS THE COMMIE ARMORED CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE CAMP!

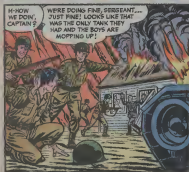
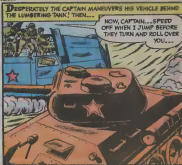
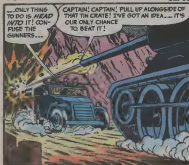
NOW, YOU COMMIE APES... TAKE A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

BESIDES... WHO WANTS TO LEAVE AND LET THE REDS LUG ALL THIS EQUIPMENT BACK HOME!

SUDDENLY, THE COMMIES BRING OUT A SURPRISE POWER-PACKED PUNCH!

CAPTAIN! GREAT CATS! THEY'VE GOT A TANK! WE CAN'T BUCK THAT THING! OUR GRENADES AND BULLETS WON'T PERCE IT...

TANK! WE'VE GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL... IF WE RUN IT WILL PICK US OFF WITH ITS CANNON...



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas
As ranked the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man"

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put triphammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how shamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vase-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body to full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up the sleeping energy of your mind and make it burn like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET? "DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the skinny stony-chested weakling I was at 13

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to deal with.

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This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. **Yat I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE.** Just

glue through it, gluing the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want in the coupon below! and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 330W, 115 East 73rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



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"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Harry Neve, Canada

"I gained 14 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have got 1½ inches on my chest (frontal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. L. New York

Quoted in "The World's Strongest"

"Your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—E. E. New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch. My chest two inches."

—E. M. Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real bruiser. My chest has gone up 4 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W. Worcester

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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, illustrated with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. Rush this book to me to keep and send to me. It does not obligate me in any way.

Name (Please print or write plainly)
Address
City State
☐ If under 21 years of age check for Parental A.

VENGEANCE!

HACKETT saw the MIG first and died with the yell of warning on his lips. Sergeant Morse, looking up, caught a glimpse of the plane drifting silently toward their mountain shelter and threw himself flat as the machine guns began their chattering storm. He saw Hackett caught and smashed with the yell still forming on his lips. He saw .50 caliber slugs slam and hammer their way across the plateau. Then the MIG's jets thundered again and it shot up and away from the mountain wall beyond, to vanish into the overhanging clouds. In the space of a single breath, the surprise attack was over and Hackett was dead.

Corporal Raines got up from behind a rock, swearing bitterly. "The dirty Red. He cut off his jets to sneak up on us. He must have spotted us as easy targets."

"And that's what we are," Sergeant Morse said flatly, as the other five UN troops rose slowly from their shelters. "If he wants to come back again, there's no place we can hide and not much we can do."

There had been eight men trapped on the flat tip of a rocky pinnacle, caught there when a Red counter-attack had driven their comrades back off the mountain. Now there were seven. And if the Red pilot chose to play his deadly game again, there would soon be none. Grimly they laid the body of Hackett behind a rock, each wondering whose body would be next to lie beside it.

"You can't shoot down a MIG with .45s," Private Dolson complained, "and that's all we've got, since we got our machine gun blown up. I wish that skunk had waited a second longer to open his jets. He'd have crashed into those rocks beyond."

The MIG came back around noon, apparently on his way back from refueling. This time they saw him coming, but it did them little good. Again the pilot drifted down on their helplessly exposed position, gave them one savage burst of lead and then swerved away from the rocks to go on with

his prow. This time two men were hit but none were killed.

"Next time," Raines growled, "he might be luckier."

"Or he might not," Sergeant Morse said thoughtfully. He was staring from a deep crevice up to the higher rocks beyond. "I've got a kind of crazy idea. I used to ride in planes when we flew over rough country in hot weather. Dig up anything you can that'll burn and let's see if we can give our pal a hotfoot."

There were dubious looks as the Sergeant explained his plan, but nobody had a better suggestion. The men scattered, finding branches caught in the rocks, adding paper from their pockets, scraps of clothing, anything that would burn. They were throwing the last scrap down the shallow crevice when they saw the MIG coming back, still far off but heading their way.

Hastily Sergeant Morse lit crumpled paper and dropped it onto the dry brush below, watching it catch and flame up. A moment later the whole mass of pitchy mountain pine had roared into flame. He barely had time to throw himself down as the MIG's guns once more lashed the tiny pinnacle.

Then the bird of evil was above them, above the chimney-like crevice from which black smoke was dancing. Staring up, the men saw flame wink as the jets opened, saw the MIG start to bank away from the rocks ahead.

Then they saw it suddenly lurch, twist and ram itself headon into a wall of granite. With a thunderous explosion it burst apart and fell into the depths below. The men stood up, their faces awed. "It worked," Sergeant Morse whispered, dazed. "My stunt worked."

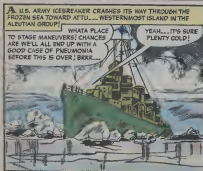
Then they were crowding around, slapping his back, cheering him. "Worked? It was perfect. He coasted right over the hot air boiling up from the fire and the updraft tossed him exactly where you figured it would—right into the cliff."

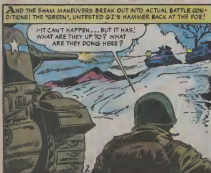
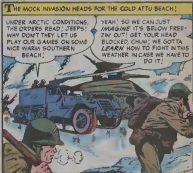
G.I. COMBAT

ZERO HOUR ON ATTU ISLAND



THE U.S. TROOPS HIT THE BEACH IN A HEAD-ON ASSAULT, BUT SUDDENLY THE SHAM ATTACK BECAME THE REAL THING! FOR WAITING FOR THEM WERE BRUTAL COMMIE INVADERS PLAYING A GAME OF WAR FOR KEEPS... AND IF THE UNTESTED G.I.'S WERE TO SURVIVE, THEY MUST OUT-THINK AND OUT-FIGHT THEIR COMBAT-SEASONED ENEMIES!





BUT AS THE G.I.'S PUSH THEIR MACHINE FORWARD...

SHE WON'T WORK!... SHE'S JAMMED!

GREAT CATS! WHAT IN SAM HILL IS WRONG WITH HER?



SHE'S FROZEN! IT NEEDED ANOTHER COAT OF HEAVY WINTER GREASE FOR COMBAT IN THIS LOW [TEMPERATURE] FLE OUT... THEY'RE MOVING IN...

LET'S GO!



SUFFERING COW! M-MY HANDS ARE NEAR FROZEN...

PUT YOUR GLOVES ON, YOU DOPE! YA GOTTA FIGHT WITH GLOVES ON UP HERE... THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN BY FIGHTING UNDER ARCTIC CONDITIONS!



H-HOLY COW! MORE TANKS, HALF TRACKS COMING... T-THEY GOT A WHOLE ARMY HERE!



THE BLISTERING FIRE FROM THE RED INVADERS BLASTS A RING OF DEATH AROUND THE BELEAGUERED G.I.'S!

TOO STEEP FOR US... THEY'VE GOT THE FIRE POWER OF A REGIMENT! WE'VE STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING BIG... REAL BIG...



WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW! HEAD FOR THOSE ROCKY CRAGS! WE'VE GOT TO RETRANCH... FORM A DEFENSE LINE!



DAZED AND CONFUSED BY THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT THE NEW RACE FOR THE ROCKY CLIFFS!

I-I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT... WE SURPRISED THOSE APES BUT THEY BLASTED US BEFORE WE COULD GET STARTED!

SURE... THAT GAND KNOWS THEIR WAY AROUND THIS ICE AND SNOW! WE'RE UP AGAINST WINTER TESTED BATTLE TROOPS, BUD!



AVOID THE FALLING SHELLS THE G.I.'S REACH TEMPORARY SHELTER.

HIT THE GROUND!
TAKE SHELTER!



KEEP YOUR NECKS IN! I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET A LOOK-SEE AT WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! THOSE REDS MUST BE GUARDING SOMETHING ON THIS ISLAND!



GREAT SCOTT! A RED SUPPLY BASE... NO WONDER THEY HAD PATROLS OUT ON THE BEACH WHERE WE LANDED!



SUDDENLY A BLAZE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE RIPS THE ROCKY CREST.

THEY HAVEN'T BOXED US IN YET... THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN HIT THAT SECRET HIDEOUT BEFORE THEIR PATROL FROM THE BEACH GETS US!



MAJOR, SIR... THEY'RE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK... TANKS, ARTILLERY... EVERYTHING!

HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE... THEY OUTNUMBER US TWENTY TO ONE!



GRIMLY THE MAJOR CONFRONTS HIS MEN: HIS IS A DO OR DIE DECISION!

MEN, LISTEN TO ME... OUT THERE THE COMMIES HAVE BEEN PREPARING A SUPPLY BASE! WE CAN'T BEAT THEM... BUT THERE'S A CHANCE A GROUP OF US MIGHT SLIP AROUND THEIR RIGHT FLANK AND SMASH THAT BASE!



OUR JOB IS TO SMASH THAT DEPOT BEFORE WE'RE TAKEN! I WANT SIX MEN TO GO WITH ME IN THIS SNOW-MOBILE TO ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION! THE OTHERS REMAIN HERE TO CREATE A DIVERSIONARY ACTION!

I'LL GO, SIR!

COUNT ME IN, MAJOR!



G.I. COMBAT

MOMENTS LATER THE ARMED SNOWMOBILE CREEPS OUT OF THE ROCKS... IT MOVES SLOWLY ALONG THE RIGHT FLANK OF THE ENEMY DEPOT!

EASY... EASY AS SHE GOES, DRIVER! KEEP BEHIND THE ROCKS... WHEN WE HIT IT'S GOT TO BE FAST AND FURIOUS! RIGHT, MAJOR!



FINALLY THE SNOWMOBILE HALTS AND... THAT'S OUR ONE CHANCE... SMACK THE AMMO SUPPLY... BLOW THE WHOLE BASE OFF THE FACE OF THE ISLAND! MOST LIKELY WE'LL GO WITH IT, MEN... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE! ALL RIGHT...



THE G.I. JUGGERNAUT THUNDERS AT TOP SPEED TOWARD THE VITAL RED BASE! SEVEN MEN GAMBLE THEIR LIVES TO STRIKE A TELLING DEATH BLOW AT COM- MIE AGGRESSION!



FASTER! FASTER! WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THAT BEFORE WE'RE HIT...



YIIIIIIIIII! CRAZY AMERICANS IN MACHINE...



GET THAT CANNON... STOP IT BEFORE THEY TAG US!



I'LL... GET 'EM, SIR...

GOOD SHOOTING! LET GO WITH THE GRENADES, MEN! BLAST A WAY THROUGH!



ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER... A LITTLE FURTHER! GOT TO HANG ON... GOT TO MAKE IT...



SUDDENLY THE WORLD FALLS IN ON THE DESPERATE G.I.'S!



MISSION UNSUCCESSFUL! BUT IS IT? THERE IS ONE CHANCE...ONE SLIM CHANCE LEFT!



SOON AFTERWARDS A COMMIE MOTORCYCLE WITH AN AMERICAN OFFICER SPEEDS BY THE DEPOT!

THIS IS IT...OPERATION BLOW UP...GOT THE GRENADE ON DELAYED TIMING...



ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED OF OUTRUNNING THE BLAST...



TEN...TWENTY...THIRTY SECONDS PASS! THEN THE ISLAND ERUPTS UNDER THE SPEEDING MAJOR!



AN HOUR LATER THE DAZED, BATTERED OFFICER OPENS HIS EYES AND...

M-MY MEN! I-I'M ALIVE...W-WHAT HAPPENED...SOLDIER? WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU DID IT, SIR! BLEW THE WHOLE COMMIE SHE-BANG UP IN THE SKY! THE RED TROOPS SHIPPED OUT, MAJOR...RIGHT AFTER THE EXPLOSION A COMMIE TROOP SHIP PICKED THEM UP!



A RADIO REPORT FROM HEAD-QUARTERS SAYS THE COMMIES CLAIM IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE... THAT THEY MISTOOK ATTU ISLAND FOR KOMANDARSKE ISLAND...ONE OF THEIR OWN!

SURE, I'LL SET IT WAS A MISTAKE! ONE THING IS CERTAIN...THEY WON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS TO TANGLE WITH U.S. TROOPS...GREEN OR NOT!





IDENTIFY EVEN THE STRANGEST STAMPS—at a glance!

Now, no stamp need puzzle you—no matter how strange it looks. Look at the Oriental script on the enlarged stamp

at left. How could you possibly tell what country it comes from. But with the stamp identifier at your side—

you can match the stamps with one illustrated and you instantly know that it comes from Jordan.



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3 ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMP-ISSUING COUNTRIES

Tells area, location, population, parent country, etc.

The Philatelic World Map & Guide



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We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric devices, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . ALL WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plays. Many buy six or even more to keep in every room. As amazing value, only 55¢ . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions of many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

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CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Baby Ruth Butterfinger Coconut Green Dip candy bars Soft Pops Fruit Drops and Mints

